

THE FOLK DANCERS NOOK

SAN SERAFIN DEL MONTE

Mexican

Circle Dance For Children, No Partners

V. F. BELIAJUS

Mexico is the land of contrasts. Many native languages are spoken; many cultures and civilizations are interwoven in her background. And much of her ancient past is still very much alive in the present. The pagan and the Christian seem to be getting along harmoniously. Similarly, the Indian and the Spanish dances play their important parts in her rich repertoire of folk lore.

Her Indian dances, which have survived in every part of Mexico, as they have not in United States, were accepted by the population as a whole and are danced in their respective regions Fiesta days dedicated to certain Saints. The Indian dances are ceremonial large-group dances of intricate patterns. The Mexican dances, which are a fusion of Spanish culture and that of the native Indian, are, as a rule, couple dances, often danced eight feet away from partner. The Jarabe is a good example. Intricate Zapateados (heel work) shows a Spanish influence with the bearing of Indian dances. Then there are dances that retained their Spanish background, like the Jotas: couple dances done facing partners very close and with much flourishing of hands and feet, castanets may be employed. It will be noted that in the Jarabes, the boys hold their hands clasped behind them, while the girls hold on to their skirts. In the Jotas, hands sway high and wide, as do the feet.

Jarabe is a name of a sweet syrup. It is the same meaning as "honey" in America. Therefore, each state has their own "honey of a dance". Tho the "honey of



Saint Seraphin of Montē
Oh thou noble Saint,
Because I am a Christian,
Therefore, I now kneel

Last word is replaced by the following action: sit, sleep, sit, kneel, run. (If sung in Mexican, girls say "Cristiana".)

Jalisco" known as the "Jarabe Tapatio" has become very popular in the United States — the Americans call it "The Mexican Hat Dance", because in one place of the dance the hat, "Sombrero", is thrown down and the girl dances in its wide brim, — there are many other dances of this type that are even more colorful than the "Hat Dance". To mention but a few: Las Espuelas, Chiapanecas, Tehuana, Yacateca, Michoacano, etc.

The dance described below is a little traditional dance for children, often seen during the Posadas — Pre Christmas Fiesta — just before the singing of "Dale, dale, dale" when the "Pinata", is about to be broken, containing sweets and fruit. The dance describes what the faithful experience while on a pilgrimage to worship their patron saint, in this particular case, Saint Seraphin. The dance, like children dances the world over, is easy and has the influence of no particular group.

The Dance

No partners needed. All join hands in a circle. Skip to the left to the end of the stanza where their first portrayal that signifies their avowal to Christianity takes place; (Yo como soy Cristiano). The last word of the stanza is "kneel". Everyone kneels. Hands are still joined and while kneeling through the singing of the second stanza swing hands to and fro. On the last word of the next stanza, sit on the left hip. Continue swaying joined hands and on the last word of the third stanza all go to "sleep". Lay heads on the feet of the person to the left, their bodies thus forming a human wreath. Now, the series of actions is reversed: at the end of the "sleeping" stanza they sit up until time to kneel; and on the last stanza, they rise to their feet and skip to the left.

San Serafin Del Monte
San Serafin cortex.
Yo como soy Cristiano
Yo me encarē.

Se repiten los tres primeros renglones en cada verso: sentarē, acostarē, sentarē, incare, parare. Si Muchachas cantan, los dicen "Cristiana".

JACK: — Do you act toward your wife the same way as you did before you were married?

BILL: — Just the same. I remember when I first fell in love with her I would lean over the fence of her house, gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I do the same thing now.

An optimist is a man who expects home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service at home.

The lucky man is one who has a wife and a cigaret lighter — both working.

"Some plants," said the teacher, "have the prefix dog. For instance, there is the dogrose, the dogwood, the dogviolet. Now who can name another plant prefixed by dog?"

"I can," shouted a little redhead from the back row. "Collieflower."

NOOK of POETRY

RESURRECTION

By Burton Lawrence

At break of dawn came Mary Magdalene
And Mary, Jesus' mother, to the tomb,
Drawn on as by a magnet toward a doom
That stabbed their hearts with anguish deep and keen.
The massive stone that last night they had seen
Seal tight the grave with all its confined gloom,
Was rolled away, and sunshine cheered the room;
No dark or sadness here, but light serene.

"He is not here; He lives, just as he said".
Both Marys stop, stunned by the angel words,
And see the change to glad serenity.
No longer need they come to view the dead;
The day is filled with sun and singing birds:
He lives to reign through all eternity.

JOURNEY INEVITABLE

Gene Wierbach

Beloved friend, the ghostly batman steers
His fateful bark where shrouded lanterns gleam
Like pale dawn-stars across a sable stream,
Though days have been as roses and the years
Replete with song, too soon the anguished tears
Will glitter on the cheek of his bereft
When one is taken and the other left,
And joy is swallowed up with shadowed fears.

Remember then, beloved, that every one
Is but a traveler to a distant land.
And now we cease to weep or suffer more
Knowing this destined journey just begun
Will have its ending on some lovelier strand
Where we shall meet the traveler gone before.

VOLCANO

Don Bernardo Gomez

These flames smouldering in my breast,
These miseries in my heart's depths
Are thoughts of you that burn and sting.
When I aspire to fashion only beautiful dreams,
Flames smoulder in my heart.
My face is laved with tears,
As candent as fiery lava.

MOODS

Marion Goswick

My moods always come and then go.
It's amusing; some fast, some slow.
Then, finish either up or down,
To end in a walk around town.

SENSES

Converse Harwell

Hearing, Sight and Touch and Taste and Smell:
Blest is he whose senses are alert,
Memories are sweet recollections
Of senses separate, healthy and attuned.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

CLAYTON C. CAMPBELL

With the increasing amount of sunshine available and the gradually lengthening days comes that old yen to be outside as much as possible. Spring is in the air, and not only in the air, but in the soil, in the pregnant buds and even in the hearts of all the people. It is a glorious time of year. And with the coming of spring comes also the beginning of hikes in the country, sun baths along the Lake and evening strolls 'neath newly green trees. Picnics in the woods, boating and bathing all assume major importance.

But along with all these come the establishment of friendly contacts or the renewal of them, as the case may be. For pleasure is small indeed, where it is not shared with someone — someone for whom one has affection. That is the secret of true enjoyment. That is the essence of spring — that is the realization of the true meaning of friendship.

It was fun to get up to Chicago a couple of weeks ago and renew contact with our esteemed editor. It had been a long time since I had seen him. He is doing a fine piece of work in promoting understanding and kindness and good feeling in a world that stands in such great need for just these qualities. It is the time of year when "Oscars" are being given for best performances of the year, so I am herewith nominating our Editor for an "Oscar" for serving humanity.

How many of you readers are making preparations to welcome the Easter Bunny? Of course, he is arriving a little late this spring but that is no sign that he will be less welcome. Get out those eggs and that multi-colored dye and go to it. Almost makes your writer wish he were back at that stage again. There is nothing like a good egg hunt to make you youthful again. Three cheers for the Easter Bunny.

And speaking of Easter, you ladies have probably all managed to corner that very special little chapeau to match that special outfit that you "just couldn't resist" — right? I don't know how it is with you gals but when it comes to the writer trying to find something suitable to wear — ye Gods — I have never seen any thing like it. Maybe since the OPA has granted a little increase in prices for men's wear we may be able to find some, at least, once in a while. I don't know about you, but I am sure I just wouldn't be at my best in a barrel.

And that reminds me, if you guys and gals read this column, and if you don't say so and I'll quit writing it, wish you would drop me a card here at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana and tell me what you think of it. And remember, no profanity allowed. That is about enough for this issue, see you in May.

NEW BOOKS

THE STREET by Ann Petry
Houghton Mifflin Co. 436 PP. \$2.50

Here is a first novel that carries a punch and leaves the reader asking for more. That, in itself, is a tribute. This is a book in the best naturalistic tradition. It is reminiscent of Zola, of Dreiser and James Farrell; certainly they never had at hand better material with which

Folk Dance Books by V. F. Beliajus

Dance And Be Merry, Vol. I \$1.50
Dance And Be Merry, Vol. II \$2.00

FINNY'S FUNNIES

During the stay of a small circus in a little town down south, a particularly violent electric storm caused the single elephant of the outfit to stampede. Next morning the town constable got a call.

"Come out here immediately," said an excited feminine voice. "There's a strange, huge animal of some kind in my garden and he's pulling up all my cabbage with his tail."

"What is he doing with the cabbage?" asked the officer.

"Constable," came back the answer, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Said one strawberry to another: "We'd never be in this jam if we hadn't been in the same bed together."